



## M·Kenna's Dream.

One night of late, I chanced to stray all in the pleasant month  
of May,  
While Morpheus did his flag display, the moon sank in the deep,  
Tis an' a bank I sat me down to hear the woodcock cooing round,  
The surges of the ocean wild lulled me fast asleep,  
I dreamt I saw brave Brian Boroihne, who did the Danish  
force subdue.  
The mighty Mars his sword he drew. These words he said to  
me—  
"The harp melodiously shall sound, when Erin's sons shall be  
unbound,  
Patrick's day we'll dance around the blooming laurel tree."  
I thought brave Barsfield drew up nigh, and presently made this  
reply—  
"For Erin's cause I'll live and, as thousands did before,  
My sword again on Aughrim's plains old Erin's rights we shall  
obtain,  
Or if not, like Hercules, I'll leave thousands in their gore."  
I thought St. Rath stood on the ground, and said, "I will your  
monarch crown,"  
Encompassed by the French around, all ready for the field,  
He raised the cross, and thus did say, "brave boys we'll show  
them gallant play,  
Let no man dare to run away, but die before they yield."  
Then Billy Byrne he came there, from Ballamans I declare,  
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare, that day at his command  
Westmeath and Cavan so do join, the county Louth men crossed  
the Boyne,  
Slane, Trim, and Navan all did join with Dublin to a man,  
Then Reilly on the hill of Screen he drew his sword both bright  
and keen  
And swore by all his eyes had seen, he would avenge the fall,  
For Erin's sons and daughters brave, who nobly fill a martyr's  
grave,  
And died before they lived enslaved, their blood for vengeance  
calls.  
When Father Murphy he did say, behold, my Lord, I'm here  
to-day,  
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay, from Wexford hills so  
brave,  
My country's fate it does depend upon you and your gallant  
friend,  
And heaven will your cause defend, we'll die ere we'll be slaves.  
I thought each band played Patrick's day, to marshal all in  
grand array,  
With cap and feather, white and gay, most warlike to be seen,  
With drums and trumpets loud and shrill, and cannons up on  
every hill,  
The pike men did the valley fill to strike the fatal blow.  
When all at once appeared in sight an army clad in armour bright  
Both front and rear, the left and right marched Paddy's evermore  
Their chieftains pitched their camps with skill determined Irish  
blood to spill,  
Between us ran a dreadful hill, as rapid as the Nore,  
A Frenchman brave, rose up and said, let Erin's sons be not  
afraid,  
For to glory I'll the Vanguard lead, with honor and renown,  
Come draw your sword along with me, and let each tyrant bigot  
see,  
That Erin's daughter must be free before the sun goes down.  
Along the line they raised a shout, crying, quick march, right  
about,  
With bayonets fixed they all marched out, to face the darling foe.  
The enemy seemed no way shy, but with thundering cannons  
got up nigh,  
And thousands on the bank did lie, and blood in streams did flow  
The enemy soon formed a square, which drove our cavalry in  
despair,  
They defied our cavalry front rear, and bayonets of pure steel,  
Till the Wexford boys that ne'er were slack, with the brave  
tips at their back,  
And Londonderry joined them in a crack, and swept them off the  
field.  
They gave three cheers for liberty, when they forced their enemy  
to flee,  
I looked around but could not see one foeman on the plain,  
Except what dead and wounded lay, not able for to run away,  
When I awoke it was clear day—so ends M·Kenna's dream.